

# Without a Believer

Sara Bareilles

One two three, two two three

When I was a boy  
Hardly more than 10 years old  
My family moved to a small town  
And I was destroyed leaving all my friends behind  
And if I had the choice, we'd've stayed put  
It's only now I can see  
Sometimes a little change can be good

At the end of the block  
The ramshackle diner stood  
My after school stop just to pass time  
Where I met a girl nearly three times my age  
But still she painted my world with her kind words  
And soft curves  
Just a schoolboy crush  
But you remind me of her

She saw something in me  
I was lonely and misunderstood  
She'd ask me to write down my wildest schemes  
And over slices of blueberry pie  
I learned to dream

She'd say "What good's a dreamer without a believer?  
We all just need someone to care  
One who might listen and root for our wishes  
Someone to simply be glad that we're there  
What good's a hand if nobody needs holding?  
When everything else falls away  
If no one believes her, what good's a dreamer anyway?"

Thank god for that place  
It practically saved me  
Those school kids just didn't take kind to this stranger  
And I was eccentric, all grand plans and inventions  
That I would've just thrown away  
By listening she let me have something to say

Oh, what good's a dreamer without a believer?  
We all just need someone to care  
Oh, one who might listen and root for our wishes  
Someone to simply be glad that we're there  
What good's a hand if nobody needs holding?  
When everything else falls away  
If no one believes her, what good's a dreamer anyway?